## ASTOUNDING MURDERS.

"Jack the Ripper" Not Alone in History.

HIS MANY BUTCHERIES.

Many Other Unpunished Murders of Street Walkers.

CRIMES IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

New York Has Had Several Such Cases.

The History of Dumollard, the Assassin of the Servants.

HE KEPT HIS OWN GRAVEYARD.

The people of London flocked to see Mr. Mansileld's impersonation of Mr. Hyde largely with the belief that Whitechapel's mysterious murderer must be such a character as that. It is scarcely likely, however, for the man who has kept the police busy hunting him for nearly a year is not likely to prove at all grotesque or strikingly peculiar in appearance. It would seem more reasonable to believe him an ordinary looking man of ordinary intelligence, the victim of some dread monomania, by reason of which his murders not only satisfy his craze, but still his conscience, if he has one. But it must be remembered that murdering prostitutes is the safest form the propensity to kill can take. Their business, suroundings, and habits all render it easier to kill one and escape than to kill among almost any other sort of persons. In Whitechapel they ply their trade in narrow dark streets, Their neighbors are habituated not to look at what they do. It is the etiquette of all such regions for every one to mind his or her business. regardless of what goes on among their number. A man's coming and going to the room of one of these creatures or his behavior with one in the dark corners are not for the community to interest itself in, otherwise the community could not exist. Prostitutes have often been mysteriously murdered in London before, as we shall see in the columns that follow. They have been mystoriously murdered in this city. the killing of Carrie Watson in her bedroom in Prince street a few years ago being fresh in most New Yorker's minds. A very similar surder of a member of the demi-monde of the higher class in Thomas street in the years when Madison square was up in the country our fathers all remember.

WHITECHAPEL AND ITS FIEND. It is difficult to describe the Whitechapel district or to explain to any one who has never seen London what its characteristics are. Whitechapel is a parish by itself, and contains the Tower of London and London Hospital, the greatest of all the English hospitals. The workhouse is also there. It is a very ancient part of the city, and lies next to what was the original walled city. Some of the famous docks, or basins, for shipping are in the district. The that Cherry and Water streets used to have. being full of sailors' retreats, dance houses, and a rabble of the lowest women known to civilization. But the houses are in the main only two stories high, and there is a degree and extent of drunkenness unknown to any part of New York. Here in Whitechapel are the gin distilleries, where nearly all the sweet gin in the world is made: the distilleries of silent spirits used for blending, many large brewries, and a host of great manufacturing establishments. Therefore if you could put twenty Cherry and Water streets of a dozen years ago alongside of the Williamsburgh disrict of Brooklyn you would have something

like the water-side region of Whitechapel, though on a very small scale.

But Whitechapel reaches far away from the river in a maze of crocked little streets, and without a single solid block between any two of them. Alleys, lanes, and courts dissect and nuncture every block. The great Whitechapel read, one of the widest streets in London, pierces the district diagonally. It is a busy

There is very little in humanity that is lower than the street women of that district, however. They are prostitutes who have aimost reached the bottom of the shouch of degradation. Drank every night, the daughters and sixters of this yea, bloatest, scarred, carrying often a basek eye and a baby, ignorant, fighting, fifthy in person and in speech, diseased and discouraged, they are the worst women known to man. They inhabit rooms in the little houses that rent altogether for only \$10 a month, and they only go to their rooms to sleep off intoxication. They take men to them only for that purpose. Strange and incredible as it may seem, they carry on their calling in the courts and alleys, Whitechapel is not made up of such however. There are many thousands of decent tradesmen and artisans there, and the Whitechapel Road is daily and nightly frequented by respectable folk shooing and walking there.

This "Jack the lipper," who is committing these murders, is so called because after one of the more recent murders a newspaper in London received a letter from Belfast, dated Sept. 10. in which a man signed himself in that way and said he meant to kill ten more women. His first crime occurred nearly a year ago, in April. But little attention was paid to it and no description of it has ever been published hers. A woman was found murdered in the streets and her mutilation was so reculiar that when the other crimes were added to this the similarity of the man's method of treating his victims called the first one to mind. This first victims called the first one to mind. This first victim was Emma Elizabeth smith. She was found dead in open premises upon Osborn street and the lower part of her abdomen was punctured Standpoint.

There is very little in humanity that is lower than the street women of that district, how-

the pavement has be had thousands of times before, and, supposing it a case of drunkenness, tried to rouse the woman and get her to go bome. He could not. She was the Ripper's victim. It seemed scarcely possible for murder to have been tions, for he had passed that apot less than a quarter of an hour before, and, besides, there were men at work in a house opposite and they had not heard a sound. It was nearly 5 o'clock in the morning.

PROBABLY JACK'S PIRST MURDER, Polly Nichols, a street walker, was the dead woman at the constable's feet. Her head was nearly severed from her neck, the cuts having been so savagely and strongly dealt that the spinal column was cut into. The Ripper had cut toward himself from one car to the centre of the throat, and then from the other ear to the end of the first cut. He had then torn her skirts down from her waist and had ripped her abdomen open. He had knocked some of her teeth out and bruised her face, and there was every evidence that she had made him fight hard to kill her. But he had not allowed her to scream, and must have kept one hand or thumb on her throat while he carved it. All that has yet been found out about Polly's last hours on earth was that she had gone to a lodgings near by earlier in the night and had tried to get a bed. She was two or three pennies short in change, and was refused a lodging, so she went back into the streets to earn what she needed.

back into the streets to earn what she needed.

The next undoubted victim of Jack the Ripper's thirst for blood, or zeal in ridding the world of worthless women, was Annie Chaptan. This woman was not originally of the class that most Whitechapel women are. She had been married to a respectable man, and had been married to hear a lew shillings weekly allowance as long as he lived. When this ceased she became a street walker fit was a week after his Bucks row murder that Jack the Ripper met her. She took him back of the lodgings at 20 Hanbury street, Spitalields, where families take suites of rooms and rent out what they can spare. The house is one in which each family or lodger locks their or his door, and the street walkers who use the alleys and dark courts for their business also take men through such open houses into the yards behind. It is not always that they are too poor to go to lodgings. It is partly the custom of the class. They sell themselves for less money than will buy gin and leave a margin for room rent. It is a fact that twopence is semetimes all that they ask.

Annie Chapman took Jack the Ripper through

than will buy gin and leave a margin for room rent. It is a fact that twopence is semetimes all that they ask.

Annie Chapman took Jack the Ripper through this house and into the back yard behind it. One of the inmates of the house had occasion to go to the yard several times during the night. He went there at 5 o'clock and there was no one there. Some time after that Jack the Ripper was led there by the Chapman woman. He almost cut her head from her body, he tore out her bowels, and hung part of them around her neck. He took her womb out and carried it off with him, His work with the knife was described by surgeons as that of a skillul and practised hand; but it is said that what he did was so horrible that the doctor bezzed not to be forced to go into all the details before the Coroner. At forty minutes past 5 o'clock the ledger went again to the yard and found the corose. Jack had done his work in less than forty minutes, and the woman had not uttered a groan. It is said that on the day of the discovery of Annie Chapman's body this legend was found written above where she fell:

"FIFTEEN BEFORE I SURRENDER."

" FIFTEEN BEFORE I SURRENDER." The fifth murder, so called, it is fair to presume was not by Jack the Ripper, but it is included in this country and in England in the list of his crimes because it was the killing of a courtesan and the murder was distinguished by butchery. It was on Sinday, Seet. 23, that a woman was murdered at Gateshead, near Newcastle, in Durham county in the north of England. The body was mutilated somewhat after the fashion of the cutting of Jack's victims, but that is the only reason for crediting him with the crime.

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Jack the Ripper committed what were unquestionably his third and fourth nurders on Sept. 30. They are called his sixth and seventh in the list of recent violent deaths of bawds in England. He met "Hippy Lip Annie" (whose real name was Elizabeth Stride) either in Berners street or on some livelier thoroughfare, from which she led him to that quot street. It is a dark, narrow street, populated by respectable folk in the main. There is a door in a stable gate there, and it forms a sort of niche in the side of the street. Jack got the woman against this door, silenced her with his thumb on her throat, and then cut that member. It is suspected that he was then disturbed by the approach of some one, for he left her there, where she died. This stable was in the rear of a club house, and one of the members passed through that doorway where Stride was murdered only twenty minutes before the body was discovered.

While the police were carrying her body away Jack the Ripper was butchering another woman only half a mile away. This was in Mitre square, a little inner court, reached by several streets or lanes. It was reasonably well inghed by a couple of street lamps and the lights of a big building, in which several men were at work at the time. A policeman walked through the square just before Jack the Ripper got there with Catharine Eddowes, who was a kept woman, living with a peddler. When his business was slack she went upon the streets and picked up men. This was the case on this night. The Ripper got here into the square and went towork in a leisurely way. First he cut her throat, and then he thrust his

case on this night. The Ripper got her into the square and went to work in a leisurely way. First he cut her throat, and then he thrust his knife into her abdomen below the breast bone and drew it all the way down. He took out her left kidney and her womb and carried them away. He cut off one on an her nose, and slashed her face otherwise. How he escaped being drenched with blood when he cut the woman Strild's throat, and how he escaped after the second marker. ter the second murder, all blood stained as he must have been, the whole civilized world waits

What is called Jack's eighth murder, which may not have been more of his at all, was that found in an open want on the site of the proposed firand Opera House, close to Scotland Yard and several large hotels. The woman's head and arms had been cut off and her abdomen ripped open. Then the body had been wrapped up and tied as in a parcel. This discovery was made on Oct. 2, but the woman had been dead a month.

For what is called his ninth crime, and what was undoubtedly big lifth one, Jack the Ripper would be an interest of the house a glittering show of gilded charlots and fancy floats on wheels to mark the incoming of a new Mayor. Attention was all upon that, and for the moment Jack was forgotten, especially as this Mayor did away with part of the show and gave away food instead, it was early on that merning, Nov. 10, that Jack's latest murder was committed and dispensed in this police were drawn away from regular duty in creat numbers in order to keep order along the route of the procession. Mary Jeannette Kelly was his victim. She was only 24 years of age, and so comely by comparison with the chartoin of a merchantona, and came the world the other wrocks around her that she went by the name of Fair Emma. She was born in Limerick, and married at 16 to a miner at Cardif. He was killed in an evolusion, and she became a strumper. She wont to France with the Captain of a merchantona, and came with the Captain of a merchantona, and came a she became a strumper. She wont to Whitechapel. There she took up with a fellow named Kelly, but they quarreled and when her day to disting in the gril in

ple among whom he works. They had an idea that bloodhounds would track the flend, but the hounds could not carry the scent any considerable distance. The Chief Commissioner. Sir Charles Warren, was permitted to resign his sommand of the force, ecchnically for writing about it in the public prints, but really be-

charel man, there are few in history, though
the case of Dumollard, the French "murderer of
the servants," who kept a graveyard for his victims, greatly excels that of the present assassin
in the number of crimes committed. In the
following records the idea has been to point
out by illustration three important facts that
enter into the consideration of the motives and
resconsitiv of the Whitechapel murderer, and
that show that unpunished murders and undetected criminals have never been so rare as
to give weight to the assortion that "murder
will out." Some of these well-authenticated
cases show that there are murderers without
moral sensitiveness, principle or consciences.
Others make it plain that even in New York
men or women may be struck down in the
open street in the daytime. Nearly all make
clear the point that men may murder and
murder and not be found out or driven to confession.

PARIS ONCE HAD A RIPPER. On Nov. 12 an interesting if not important contribution to the guesses at the personality of the London murderer was cabled from Paris to the Stants-Zeitung of this city. We use the excellent translation that was at once published in THE EVENING SUN. The Staats-Zeitung's correspondent is M. H. D'Alona, and Zeitung's correspondent is M. H. D'Alona, and he begins his despatch by saying that in a newspaper he had just goad of the Whitechanel crimes. The despatch then goes on as follows: "Involuntarily this newspaper notice brought my thoughts back to the time of my stay in Paris, years ago. At that time a series of most atroclous murders had illied all Paris with horror and indignation, and sourred the Parisian police on to a feverish activity. The flendish deeds at that time had an astonishing similarity to the brutal murder, the account of which I had just read. The horrid mutilation of the body in all cases was the same. I however, soon forgot that fearful coincidence, and would not have thought of it more had not, some time afterward, the news of another horrible Whitechapel murder attracted my attention.

"Then, again, those fearful reminiscences

some time attorward, the news of another herrible Whitechapel murder attracted my attention.

"Then, again, those fearful reminiscences came with force to my mind, and I remembered all the circumstances as they were impressed upon it flicen years before. My memory did not retain the name of the murderer, who afterward, not through the ability of the police, but more through an accident, had been brought to trial; but I remember that the murderer did not pay with his life for the flendish deed, and the possibility that the same man had now regained his liberty shot into my head.

"Was the same man who was called Sauverr des ames perdus (Saver of Lost Souls) then by the people still living and at liberty? The conclusion was terribly logical that he had begun his bloody activity on the other side of the canal.

"So the first thing I wanted to know was whether this man had regained his liberty." In my inquiries I found out that his name was Nicholans Wassilyl, and that the unfortunate had let the Russian city of Tiraspol, in the department of Chersan, where he had been imprisoned since the lat of January of this year.

"The following facts are gathered from dill-

imprisoned since the 1st of January of this year.

"The following facts are gathered from diligent researches from acts of the Palais do Justice in Paris, and from the private lunatic asylum in Bayonne:

"In the year 1872 there was a movement in the Orthodox Church of Russia against some sectarians, which caused a good deal of excitement. Some of the propile who were menseed because of their religion, fied from the country. Most of them were peasants, who, without many panes, could take leave of their homes, where suffering stared them in the face on all sides.

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"Nicholaus Wassilyi only left a good home.
His parents were quite wealthy. They had had
him well educated, and had even sent him to
the college at Odessa. But Nicholaus was a
fanatic sectarian, and he soon assumed the role
of leader among them. The chief boilef of his
sect was the renunciation of all earthly joys in
order to secure immortal life in Paradise after
death. Members of the sect, whether male or
female, were strictly forbidden having anything to do with the opposite sex.

"Massilyi fielt to Paris. He was an excellent
type of a Russian. He had a tall, elastic figure, a regular manly physiognomy, with burning, languishing eyes, and with a pale, waxenlike complexion. He soon avoided all contact
with his countrymen. He took up a small
lodging in the Quartier Monifetard, where all
the poor and miserable of Paris live. Here he
soon became a riddle to his neighbors.

"He used to stay all day long in his room
studying some large books. At nightfall he
wont out and wandered simlessly through the
streets until the morning dawned. He was
often seen talking with abandoned women in
the street and it soon became known that he
followed a secret mission in doing so. That is
why the voice of the people called him 'sauveur des ames perdus.'

"First he tried mild persuasion in speaking
to the poor fallen creatures. By the light of
thes street lanterns he lectured them, telling
them to return to the path of virtue and give
up their life of shame. Mean mere words had
no effect he went so far as to put premiums on
virtue, and gave large sums to the eccettes on
condition that they commenced a new life.

"Some of the women were really touched by
his earnestness and promised to follow his advice. He could often be seen on the street
corners preaching to gaudy nymphs, who bitterly shed tears. But his mission did not seen
to be crowned with success. He often met
girls

arain. He seemed to believe in these forced owaits and always went away seemingly happy.

"One evening the 'sauveur dea ames perdus,' as usual, left his home. In the Rue de Richolieu he met a young woman. Not with that impertinent smile which leaves nobody in doubt about her vocation, but in a decent way, she crossed his path. She had an elflike, eigant figure and beautiful blue eyes, "Wassilyi was armed against the glances of women, but this glr?'s look seemed to make a deep impression on him. He spoke to her—she was a lost one, too—but not with brutal force. With kind sympathy he touched her so deeply that she told him the whole story of her life, the story of a poor parentless girl, whom a rough fate had torn from happiness and splendering her was supporting herself.

"Wassilyi for the first time in his life fell in love with a woman. He procured her a piace in a business house and paid liberally for her support, although he made her believe that she was supporting herself.

"For several weeks the girl, who had some reard for her protector, kept straight in the reard for her bone, a thing he seldem did, and then only when an old guardian of hers was present, he cound that she was gone.

"Abe had left a letter to him, in which she said that, though thankful to him for all this kindness, her life was new too 'ennuyant' for her, and that she preferred to be left alone.

"Wassily was in a fearful mood atter this. He wandered so restlessly through the streets and supported, was found murdered in the quarter was a weak and the murders were perpetuated in the quarter was a weak and the murders were perpetuated in the quarter was a featured. The considerable weeks afterward he discappeared. At the same time Madeline, the woman was found. Three distrements of the full of the supported, was found to the remained butchered in the Arrondis

cause of the popular discontent with the work of the force in the Whitechapel case,
other murdens that approach jack's.

Of men who have committed many murders, after the fashion of Bluebeard and this Whitechapel man, there are few in history, though the case of Dumollard, the French "murderer of the servants," who kent a graveyard for his victims, greatly excels that of the present assassing the case of Dumollard to the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the present assassing the case of Dumollard to the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the present assassing the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospect of the catastrophe Eliza Grimwood had a clear prospe

rage, and, there was reason to believe, in opposition to the jealous will of Don Whiskerandoes.

"A day was fixed for the ceremony, late in the evening previous to which Whiskerandoes was seen to enter the house. He was admitted by the cousin. A room on the second floor, directly over Eliza Grimwood's sleeping apartment, was occupied by another coursean who, as well as her companion, heard, at about the dead waste and middle of the night, a hoise as of quarrelling below. The chamber door was presently opened, shut again, and the listoners heard the creaking of a man's step as he descended the stairs and passed out at the street door. So common an incident in that house could excite no surprise. It was afterward remembered that Eliza Grimwood's little dog, though a flerce animal, except in the presence of any one ne knew well, did not bark! In the morning Eliza Grimwood was found fully dressed, lying on the floor (the bed had not been occupied) quite dead. A sharp instrument, a thin poniard it is belie ed, was driven into her heart. By the black-bearded foreigner nicknamed Whiskerandoes? Few dounted that he was the murderer. But who was Whiskerandoes? None knew. The cousin did not. Cortainly no one dared to aver that the foreign potentate was Whiskerandoes. The cousin himself was apprehended on suspicion of, being the murderer, no reason being adduced except that one of his shirts was missing. He was liberated, and all trace of Eliza Grimwood's destroyer vanished.

storer vanished."

Eiga Davis was a young Welsh girl, who worked as a barmaid at the King's Arms Wine Yank, Regent's Park, One morning, it was the 10th of May, 1837, she arese at about 6 o'clock, as was her custom, dressed herself, and went down stairs to open the barroom. Scarcely had she withdrawn the boits to free the doors and opened the shutters to light the place, when some one—a man, a woman, or an are, or what you please—entered the place and strade up to the bar. The Welsh barmaid took her place behind the counter, heard the order that was given, turned to reach down a bettle from the shell, and was instantly a corpse. She was seized by her hair, her head was drawn back, and a knile was drawn across her throat. The marks of ingers dripping with blood remained to mark the last that was to be seen or ever heard of the murder of the practy both.

It has been done in New York.

IT HAS BEEN DONE IN NEW YORK.
In an article entitled "Will Murder Out?" in the Galazy magazine in 1869. Edward Crapsey. then a noted reporter, described several murders in and near New York that were in themselves as mysterious as any of the Whitechapel crimes. The case of the murder of Mr. Rogers is such an one. Mr. Crapsey describes it thus: "At 7 o'clock on the morning of the last day

is such an one. Mr. Crapsey describes it thus:

"At 7 o'clock on the morning of the last day of 1868. Charles M. Rogers, an ciderly gentleman of primitive habits, living at 42 East Twelfth street, stopped out upon the sidewalk in front of his house. At the moment two outlaws happened to be passing. Taking off his light drab overcoat, the smaller one handed it to his taller companion, who crossed the street, whence he remonstrated. Jim. don't do it. But Jim. made of more reckless stuff, snatched the old gentleman watch, and simultaneously jerking his wallet from his pocket, transferred those articles to the pocket of his blue flannel sack coat. The robbery accomplished. Jim would have gone his way rejoicing had not liogers selzed him by the collar of his cent with the hope of compelling a return of his property. The struggle that ensued was brief, but terrible. At the same instant of time liogers tore from his assailant exactly one-half of his cont, and the thief, in his eagerness togescape, became an assassin by plunging a huge knile into the abdomen of the man he had despoiled. Public as was the street, and clear as was the light of day, the affair had not been witnessed by any human eye, and the murderer and his passive accomplice fled, untracked. A moment later Rogers was found dying on his own threshold, He was able to give the outlines of this last instance of New York lawlessness, but expired after two days of semi-unconsciousness. The murderer had left behind him his hat, the sheath of his knife, and the fragment of his coat. In the pocket of the latter was the watch and wallet he had risked his neckto get, and also an envelope from which the lotter had been taken and which was superscribed: Jams Logan, N. Y. Cytty—this will be handed yu by Tom."

There the case ended. Logan, an ex-convict, surrendered himself and was declared innocent. The murderer was now a daylight, was bolder than Jack the Ripper's slaughters on the streets at night time. Mr. Crapsey tells of another crime which shows that neither th

in was Helen Jewett, It was her murder that the last generation recalls as its greatest sensation. She and a clerk named Richard P. Robinson became infatuated with one another, he passing by the name of Frank Rivers. She cruelly beat with her diamond-bedecked knuckles a woman that she found him with, and later she threatened to expose the fact that he had caused the death of a girl he had ruined. He promised to marry Helen, but she found he was engaged to a lady of wealth and position up town. Again she threatened him with social disgrace, and begged him to call on her. This was on April 10, 1836, and she was living at 41 Thomas street, the most magnificent house of its sort in the country. Robinson or some one in just such a clonk as he wore, called that night and went away quietly at 1, o'clock the next morning. At 3 o'clock Helen's room

Jersey City and suddenly confronted with the head. The instant he saw it he sank in a chair in horror. His statement having been compared with the head and the record of the body the similitude was found to be exact.

The identity of the murdered woman was therefore established beyond question. When Ada Rienzi herself appeared at a down-town New York hotel, in perfect health and unscathed in person. The whim had suddenly seized her to go to New Orleans, and she had gone without leave taking or warning. Her speedy return was due to the fact that she found the Southern city only a military camp, under the iron rule of Gen. Butler, and therefore an unprofitable field for her. The ghastiy head became more of a mystery than before. At last it was seen by a woman named Callahan, living in Boston, who was in search of a daughter who had gone astray. She instantly pronounced it to be that of her child, and she was corroborated by all the members of her family and several of her neighbors. The identification was no less specific than before, and the explexed authorities, gind at last to know something certainly, gave Mrs. Callahan an order for the body. Then a message teached her from the daughter, who was lying sick in Hellevue Hospital, and so the head once more became a mystery. And such it has always remained."

When women novelists write of their herolnes

country roads they always make the good men

they remark that their heroine was not alarmed, since whistling denotes a light heart and an easy conscience. Yet in Mr. Crapsey's collection of tragic tales, a whistling murderer plays a part. We cannot give space to the story as it is told in the Galazy article, but this is the substance of it: Samuel Joyce kept a inflor shoe on the second floor of 378 Broadway, and on July 18, 1856, the clerk could not get in whon he came in the morning. Bartholomew Burke, the porter, who slept on the premises, always had the place open at that time of the day, but now it was closed. The clerk saw a blood stain on the door knob, and went out and got the police open at that the door. There lay poor Burke dead and mangled. Beside him was a hure pair of shears that he had used to protect himself with. But close by was a short, keen-ciged sword, blood clotted to the hilt, with which Burke had been killed, and which the murderer had dropped whee he no longer had use for it. It was evident that just as Burke stepped in the door of the shop he had been attacked, and had fought for at least ten minutes in a room with the window open on Brondway-yet no one heard the straighe, any cries, or noticed anything connected with the murder, except that one man saw the murderer.

The murderer had gone to the wash stand and washed his hands, and removed every tince of the crime from his clothing and person. Then he had stepped out and shut the door, Then he had noticed that a wound on his hand was bleeding and the blood drops were forming a trail down the slairs. At the foot of the stairs he had bandaged his hand so as to cut off the trail. In doing this he destroyed forever all signs of his existence so far as his connection with the crime was concerned. A belated citizen net the man walking leisurely, and carelessly whisting a popular air, He did not see the man's face or note how he was dressed, but he caught the tune the man whistled, and he saw that he had a bandaged hand. Nothing of the tailor's was stolen, nothing was taken from the mur they remark that their heroine was not alarmed, since whistling denotes a light heart

MEN WITHOUT CONSCIENCES. Dr. O. W. Holmes in 1875 reviewed Prosper Despine's "Psychologie Naturelle," a work in which the author sets down the results of a study of the crimes recorded in the Gazette des Tribunous from 1825, a period of fifty years. He says: "A careful study of criminals shows that in a large proportion of cases they are devoid of the ordinary moral instincts; that they have no struggle beforehand, except of purely selfor their guilt, and that their apparent repentance is nothing but fear of the future suffering with which they are threatened. They are moral idiots; their crime is not a sis, any more than eating or drinking or the satisfaction of any natural desire. Our impressions about their mental conditions are mostly mere reflections of what we think would be our own feelings." Dr. Holmes condenses the conclusions of the French student of crime into this pithy paragraph. The conclusion professedly derived from a careful study of the facts as shown in the history of criminals is "that the most frightful crimes, committed without sign of compunction, and leaving not a shadow of regret, are without any moral character whatever; from which it follows that the unfortunate subject of moral idiocy is just as innocently acting out the tendencies he inherits as the rattlesnake which we hate by instinct "" but which is just as much a poor, dependent, not ill-meaning citizen of the universe as the lamb and the dove." In 1858 one Parang was condemned to death for rotbing and murdering an old lady in Paris. His wife said: "This happened the other day, and while he was at the old woman's I was praying to tod that he might succeed in his enterprise."

Dr. Holmes uses the expression, "the tonfor their guilt, and that their apparent repent-

became a leagar upon the high road. She lives and died a professional mendicant in a community where she had once been respected. At the time of her death Martin had reached the age of maturity. He never went to school, and even in the conscription, which might have saved him from himself, he was torgotten. He led a lonely and mysterious life, and few of the villagors could oven recognize him on sight for his habits were nectural and he seidom spoke to anybody. He was of medium height, strongly built, and had rather stooped and broad shoulders. He was a brutal and most repuisive-looking fellow, with shargy, black hair hanging down in matted streaks upon his low forchead, small piercing and wollish oyea. A large nose, and a light crooked mouth, with a hanging and thick under lip. Certainly it was not his good looks that won for him a wife, but he managed to get one nevertheless, a wretched and stunid creature, who lived with him, as was interward proved, in a constant state of terror. Just how he managed to exist and support his wife was a puzzle to the few who cared to think of him. managed to exist and support his will do high. But Dumollari's invisible means of support were theft, robbery, and murdes. In the last named branch of his profession he atture to degree of existing the product of the last named of the list. The last named branch of his profession he atture of the complete of his victims and the completeness of his work he was far absed of the Wiltechapel fierd. The latter exis his women all to pieces and leaves them where they died, but Dumollard kept a cemetery of his own; and, strange to say, there was no evidence whatever that he was afflicted with homicidal manis. He did not kill for the love of killing; his motives were turrely sordid. He selected women for his victims, doubties because, according to his well-maturel thans he could reach them easiest. He butchered them for the clothes they wore, the low frames they might have in their poelests, and the offects in their trunks. Whother the miscratic his will have in their poelests, and the offects in their trunks, whother the miscratic his will all did no be and that was all that could be said into a his trade and that he killed for a living. One evening in the symple recarded assessination was that be simply recarded assessination was the took of the bridges be necessed a young woman about 25 years old, and asked her if she would be so kind as to show him the way to the intelligence office. He was a gardener, he said, and his master, the proprietor of a chaceau in Montinella section of the product of the country whom he was to take how the simply recarded assessination, he was the profession of the recarded as

baby with her. She was repulsed at every door treated as a worthless cuttenst, and at last she became a beggar upon the high road. She lived and died a professional mendicant in a

that they were last seen with a "man from the country."

Well, Dumollard was at last arrested. At first he protested his innocence, but, being hard pressed, he said that he was only employed by a set of long-bearded men, to whom he brought the girls for butchery, and who in recompense for his services gave him their torn and bloody clothing, which his wife was in the habit of washing, and which he afterward disposed of. The first portion of this story was, of course, taken for what it was worth, but the latter portion was valuable, for it was the simple truth. His while testified that it was a rather common thing for him to come home at night with a bundle of bloody" c. other for the wash."

and to say to her in a careless way, "Well, I've with a bundle of bloody "colles for the wash, and to say to her in a careless way," Well, I've killed another girl, and I've got to bury her new." Then he would got a spade and shovel and go off to finish his work.

When his cable was searched 1,250 artices of female clothing were discovered, only force

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